

FARM LANDS
J. S. Martin

THE CHRONICLE

J. S. Martin
REAL ESTATE

VOL. III. NO. 17.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1910.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

We have the best in all lines

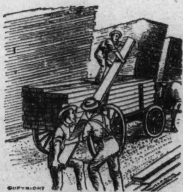
Hagen Shirts Peabody Overalls
Novel-ti Neckwear Hall and Storey's Gloves
Thoroughbred Hats Pen Angle Underwear

For Men Who Know
SEE DAVE

He Makes Clothes

D. G. HARVIE

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD



Loading Up

For the Coming Demand

should be the aim of every builder as to run short of

LUMBER

just when it is wanted is always annoying. We have on the road six cars and when they arrive we will have the finest stock, in the yard, on the line and it will pay you to see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

Geo. Becker, Proprietor.

McKAY BROS

Centra for Government 'Phone.

Centra for Farmers' Independent 'Phone.

Centra Mandt and Hamilton Wagons and all kinds of Farm Machinery, Gasoline Engines, Wind Mills, Well Casing, Pumps, Galvanized Iron Piping, Burton Water Systems, Hot Air and Hot Water Furnaces, Baths, Sinks, etc.

Our goods are UP-TO-DATE in every respect having every latest improvement. Our Motto is, and will be **Second to None.** Call us up, Look us up, or Write us up and you will receive

PROMPT ATTENTION

LUMBER OF ALL KINDS

At Prices to Defy Competition at
McDonald & McNaughton's Mills

WE HAVE

Shiplap, Flooring, Window and Door Jambs, Ceiling, Drop-siding, Dimension and Rough Lumber

POST OFFICE ADDRESS—CREMONA

Mills 25 miles West of Crossfield on road across Little Red Deer. Accommodation for man and beast.

Provincial Paragraphs

The Calgary carpenters are asking fifty cents per hour.

Moose Jaw city council are trying to raise \$14,000 for street paving.

Fourteen thousand immigrants passed Portal during the past two months.

The Work of grading on the G.T.P., 13 miles north of Lammerton was commenced last week.

Nanton is prohibiting the running of large cattle on the streets and establishing a pound by-law.

J. Robonville, a Russian Jew, stole some spittoon covers from the Star pool-room. One month was his reward.

The street railway in Calgary carried 301,769 passengers in March. The revenue amounted to \$13,257, expenses \$7,082.

A team belonging to Mr. Whiteside, of Delabury, ran away on the 4th inst., and collided with a wagon and upset the wagon to which they were hitched. Mr. Whiteside's son was cut considerably about the face but not otherwise injured.

While leading a prize stallion along McDougall Ave., recently a man named Morrison had a narrow escape from being killed. When crossing the street in on Jasper Ave. the horse became unmanageable and plunging wildly threw Morrison to the ground and then commenced to run away. The man was dragged some distance and severely scratched before passing by managed to stop the flight of the animal. —Edmonton Capital.

Fergus Falls has a real estate dealer who paid out \$2,100 for advertising last year, and he is so well satisfied with the results that he is going to spend \$2,500 in a like manner this year. W. T. Donovan proprietor of the Leader department store in the same city spent upwards of \$3,000 in advertising in the local papers last year, and as a result says that the mail order houses cut no figure with him. The merchant who advertises gets the business. —Herald, Ontonagon, N.D.

Wanted

Any person needing any speying done should apply to A. Chadwick, or leave word at the store of Wm. Urquhart.

How the Shortighted See.

The shortighted and those in possession of perfect sight look upon the world from totally different aspects. The latter see spaces between the clearly defined leaves of a tree and the light shining through those spaces. The former gaze at a soft, blurred mass with no spaces.

A shortighted man gets quite used to addressing people who are apparently without eyes and nose, and out of doors faces at quite a short distance melt into the atmosphere and become simply a cloud. Looking down a brilliantly lighted street you would probably see a long procession of lamp, twenty yards distant, and each having a distinct flame, but your shortighted friend would see a conglomeration of shining circles shutting out the rest of the street. But, by way of compensation, color to the shortighted becomes much softer and more beautiful. A coarse red face appears to wear only a becoming blush and the sky seems nearer to a short than to the normal sighted person. —London Answers.

The Only Trouble.

"Miss Passy hasn't any beau at all, has she?"
"No; her just discourages suitors."
"Why, there's nothing the matter with her just, is there?"
"Nothing, except that it's too long." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Her Distress.

Mary, aged fourteen, was found one day by an older sister sobbing and crying.

"What is the matter?" she asked, with great concern.

"Three boys have asked me to go to the dance tonight," was the unexpected reply.

"Well, my dear child, certainly that is not such a terrible misfortune."

"Yes, but I told the first one I would go with him, and the last one was a lone dancer."

ARBITRATORS DECIDE

The Board of Arbitration composed of Messrs. P. I. McNally, P. Smyth and C. Wicks who were appointed to adjust the damages caused by the fire which originated at the straw stacks of Chas. Gordon, found as follows:—

Hay rack, M. Hoffman	\$1.50
Rip saw	2.00
Hand saw	2.00
Fine saw	1.75
Malleable claw hammer	1.00
Hoe	.50
Lantern	1.00
Horse brush and comb	1.00
Halter	1.00
New slicker	3.50
Pair shoes	1.50
Overcoat	5.00
Mower neck yoke	.75
Wagon neck yoke	.75
Rake neck yoke	.75
Mower pole	3.50
Mower sickle	3.50
Wagon singletree	1.15
Two short doubletrees	2.00
One plow singletree	.50
200 bus. oats at 27c	54.00
70 bus. oats at 25c	17.50
30 bus. barley at 35c	10.50
30 acres hay land and pasture	5.00
4 gallons paint at \$1.20	4.80
Barn 14x32 and lean to 14x14 120.48	
30 Cottonwood trees, 1 yr.	26.00
12 Spruce, 4 yrs.	60.00
10 Poplar, 5 yrs.	50.00
	382.18

Board of Trade Organize

A meeting was held in Oddfellows' Hall on Thursday evening to organize a Board of Trade and it was well attended by a representative gathering of the townfolk. It was moved by P. I. McNally and seconded by Geo. Becker that Jno. S. Davis be appointed chairman pro tem. This motion being carried the chairman called the meeting open for election of officers and the following gentlemen were elected:—J. Cameron, Pres; Geo. Becker, Vice Pres; J. Martin, Sec-Treas. The vice-president then took charge of the meeting and the following committee was elected:—Messrs. Wm. Urquhart, Jno. S. Davis, D. Ontkes and Geo. Boyce.

Read The Chronicle

GOLDENROD

The farmers are busy on the land and seeding is well underway.

The inside of the schoolhouse and the furnishings have been refurnished. The people of Goldenrod are justly proud of the interior of the schoolhouse. School will open on Monday, April 18th.

Helen Pole is ill with the mumps. Mr. Wood met with a serious accident while breaking a colt. He was kicked in the back and three ribs were broken.

Mr. Hare has returned from a trip in the Red Deer country where he is thinking of locating.

Thank You

Mr. F. R. Parker desires us to express through the medium of our columns his hearty appreciation of the patronage bestowed upon him while conducting his livery barn and bespeaks a continuation of it for his successors Messrs. McPhee & Wicks who assumed control of the business on Tuesday.

Johnson-Martin Arrested

Const. Bushfield, of Airdrie, arrived in town on Thursday night seeking one Johnson who had been porter in the hotel until the same day but he went south on the even-train. At Airdrie he used the name of Martin and cashed a forged cheque for \$25 on an Olds bank. Whether he was intercepted or not at Calgary we do not know at the time of writing, Friday morning.

New Post Office

The new boxes and fixtures for the post office are in and is a great improvement from every stand point. It is laid out in a manner that renders the sorting of mail easier and the boxes are all equipped with combinations. The general delivery is at what might be termed the apex of a triangle and the entrance to the post master's office and the money order wicket are at the two bases of the same. The fixtures are highly finished and Crossfield now possesses the best equipped post office between Calgary and Edmonton.



ONTKES & ARMSTRONG.

Lodge Cards

M. W. OF A.

SUNALTA CAMP NO. 13863

Meets in Oddfellows' Hall, Crossfield, the Second Thursday and Fourth Saturday of each month.

Visiting neighbors welcome.

CHAR. McKAY, Geo. O. Davis,
V. C. Clerk and Secretary.

CROSSFIELD LODGE I. O. O. F.

No.  42

Meets Every Wednesday Night in the Oddfellows Hall at 7.30 p.m.

Visiting Brethren Welcome.

James Dryburgh, Rec.-Sec.



"No Surrender," No. 1906.

Meets Tuesday on or before the Full Moon. Visiting brethren always welcome.

GEO. W. BOYCE, A. Wheeler,
W. M. Secy.



Court Prairie Flower No. 1157

Meets the first Saturday and third Monday in the month. Visiting brethren always welcome. For further information write any of the brethren.

J. Clarke, James McWhorter,
D. R. Sec. R.

Professional Cards

C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Carstairs, Alberta

Will be at Crossfield every Thursday.

Dr. LARGE,

Dentist, Carstairs,

Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield, Every Thursday.

AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE

Every Day, Except Wednesday and Thursday.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We select the business of Manufacturers, Inventors and others who realize the advantage of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Advice sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Building, Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

For Quick Sale of Real Estate IN THE

Acme District

List Your Property With
McLain & May,
ACME, ALTA.

TAISCOE, P. O.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES

Insurance placed in Best Companies. We have some fine farm lands for sale and invite prospective purchasers to give us a call.

THE ARCADE

Pool Room and Cigar Store

Come in and spend a pleasant hour and try our Cigars and Soft Drinks. Latest Magazines always kept in stock.

H. Mann Prop.

The Crossfield Chronicle

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE. \$1.00 per year in advance; or \$1.50 if not paid in advance. Prepayment at the Chronicle office, at Crossfield, Alberta, each Friday.

Rates

Lost, Strayed, Found, Wanted and other transient advertisements of a similar nature one cent a word, six insertions for the price of four. Payable in advance.

Business locals 10 cents per line first insertion; and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Legal advertisements, 12 cents per line for first insertion; and 8 cents each subsequent insertion.

Commercial contract rates upon application.

E. M. SEAGER,

Editor.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1910.

Editorial

We want to know when this question of the running at large of the cows will be settled. A strong petition was sent in and the council laid it over pending the circulating of a counter petition. The latter was in evidence quickly after the meeting and as the majority of the people are willing to stand by the final decision of the council as directed by the ratepayers in the number of signers on the respective petitions we would say that the matter should be settled without delay and not left to hang fire all the summer.

A gentleman blew into our sanctum recently and expressed his opinion of the paper blowing around our streets. That it frightens horses, is obvious, and may result in a runaway which may terminate in serious consequences is not to be denied. We find that a large amount of the paper blows in from the sloughs west of town where it is dumped. We mention this matter so that the council may look into it and ascertain how serious a menace it is and remedy it if possible.

At last we are to have a Board of Trade. A meeting has been held, members enrolled, officers appointed and now it is up to them to get to work. The amount of good a live board can do is practically unlimited and we would murmur that a small monetary donation from our village papa's would not come amiss. The fee is small, one dollar, but is wisely so as it permits of more members being in a position to enroll hence a more representative body.

Editorial Notes

An optimist is a man who buys a ticket in an automobile raffle and then builds a garage.

"Chorus Girl and Her Cottage," reads a headline in an American periodical. We usually associate the chorus girl with a "Flat."

Statistics prove the curious fact that tailors are exceptionally long-lived. The survival of the fitter naturally.

The largest wine tank in the world is at Asti, California. Still we have some walking around fully six feet high.

Our dogs' faith in us is based on a happy ignorance of our real characters. If they could listen with understanding ears to our mean conversations, our guilty plannings, our slanderings, and our back-biting

we should no longer be to them the gods we are.

The housewife yearns for patent cleaning machines, and there is hope in the heart of the paperhanger. The jeweler overhauls his stock of engagement rings, and the thoughts of fashion experts turn to autumn. By these signs shall you know that spring is near at hand.

Some editor who has time to burn has ground out the following on the letter 'e'. The fifth letter of the alphabet, 'e' is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet because it is never in cash, always in debt and never out of danger. We must not forget though that it is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there is no meat, no bread, no gospel, no heaven and no hell.

Banner School

The following is the report of Banner Public School:-

STANDARD V.

Florin Klaholt, Vernon Lewellen
Frankie Keil.

STANDARD III.Sr.

Owen Fike, George Todd, Verdie Stone, Bertie Keil.

STANDARD III Jr.

Alfred Klaholt, Arthur King, Freddie Bales.

STANDARD II Sr.

Minnie Bales, Roy Keil.

STANDARD II.

Dahlia Smith, Ted Klaholt, Glen McNichol, Edna Bales, Emma Klug, Archie River.

STANDARD I Part II

Frankie McNichol.

STANDARD I Part I.

Charlie Bales, Gracie Gooch, Fay Gooch, Walter Stone.

The Royal Assent.

"Le roy le veut!" (the king wills it) is the form of words in which the English king is accustomed to signify his royal assent to a bill which has passed both houses of parliament and is ready to be made statute law.

They are, however, not the only form of old Norman-French words which has survived and is still in use in the British parliamentary system. Thus, for instance, when a bill is sent up for consideration from the commons to the lords it is indorsed by the clerk with the words, "Solt baillie aux seigneurs" (let it be sent to the lords, and when the converse operation takes place the corresponding words are "Solt baillie aux commons." The royal assent to money bills is more elaborately expressed. "Le roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence et ainsi le veult" (the king thanks his loyal subjects, accepts their gift and so wills it). For private bills still another form of assent is used. "Solt fait comme il est desire" (let it be done as desired).

History and Biography.

The whole value of history, of biography, is to increase my self trust by demonstrating what man can be and do. This is the moral of the Plutarchs, the Cudworths, the Buncewells, who give us the story of men or of opinions. Any history of philosophy fortifies my faith by showing me that what high dogmas I had supposed were the rare and late fruit of a cumulative culture and only now possible to some recent Kant or Fichte were the rugged improvisations of the earliest inquirers--of Parmenides, Heraclitus and Xenophanes.

In view of these students the soul seems to whisper: "There is a better way than this indolent learning of another. Leave me alone. Do not teach me out of Leibnitz or Schelling, and I shall find it all out myself."

Still more do we owe to biography the fortification of our hope. If you would know the power of character see how much you would impoverish the world if you could make clean out of history the lives of Milton, Shakespeare and Plato, those three, and cause them not to be. See you not how much less the power of man would be? - Emerson.

The CHRONICLE

UNTIL

December 31, 1910

United States \$1.10
Canada .75

Farmers Meat Market

WE SELL

Fresh and Cured Meat, Fresh and Cured Fish, Poultry, Butter and Eggs.

WE BUY

Cattle, Hides, Hogs, Butter, Eggs and Poultry paying the best Market Price.

Our Motto

"QUALITY RIGHT PRICE RIGHT"
TIMS & ATKINS

ACME REALTY CO.

Land Wanted to List
Insurance

Money to Loan
At Lowest Rates

Experienced Auctioneer Always on Hand
Commissioner for Affidavits

W. Bannerman, Mgr.
Acme, Alta.

The CROSSFIELD MEAT MARKET

Wholesale and Retail Butchers

WE

Pay Cash for BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY and HIDES. We buy HOGS live or dressed.

WE

Sell SMOKED MEATS, FRESH MEATS, FRESH FISH, SMOKED FISH.

The CROSSFIELD MEAT MARKET

L. G. FISHER, Proprietor

The Rock-Hewn City of Petra

BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTON

UNIQUE among the many wonders of the Orient and the remains of hoary civilizations stands Petra, the rock-hewn city, the city graphically addressed by the prophet as "Thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high" (Obadiah 3), and referred to in the challenge of the Psalmist (60:3): "Who will bring me into the strong city? Who will lead me into Edom?" It lies on the northwest edge of the great Arabian desert, about midway between the Gulf on Akabah, and the Dead Sea. Other ruins, such as Palmyra and Baalbek, show crumbling piles of magnificent architectural monuments, but in Petra, high up among the mountain crags that sentinels it, are temples, theatres, tombs, and other structures, strong and indestructible, standing almost as perfect as when they were chiseled out of the living rock of which they still form a part.

These ruins (if ruins they may be called) challenge admiration by the variety of styles they embody, showing, in the most ancient creations, early Egyptian, intermixed with Egyptian, and in the later Roman architecture, and by the exquisite hues of the sandstone from which they were hewn, varying from the prevailing purplish-red of the mountains and cliffs to the delicate pink and rose color of some strata, and the white, crimson, yellow and blue-veined veins in other places, rivaling the softness of the plumage of birds or the petals of flowers.

Petra, so long inaccessible because of its remoteness and the danger from roving Bedouins, may now be reached by a six hours' ride westward toward the Arabah from El Masra, a station on the Hejaz railway. Prof. Gustaf Dalman, director of the German Archaeological Museum of Jerusalem, and one of the most monumental work on Petra, has just paid another visit to this scene of his former explorations. He was accompanied by photographers of the American colony in Jerusalem, who secured a number of photographs of the majestic ruins, some of the most striking of which we here reproduce for our readers.

Petra, nestling amid its precipices and cliffs almost in the shadow of Mount Hor, called by the Hebrews Haran (Aaron), from the tradition that it was here on the top of the mountain that Aaron, in approachable only by a route through a deep and narrow dell which the little stream of the Wadi Musa has in past ages cut for itself in the sandstone. The gorge opens in one place to about two miles for itself for a distance of about a mile, and here, protected by mountains and precipices on every side, this remote spot was secure from attack from without. It is its impregnable position and its being on the great caravan route to the Red Sea from the north that gave it the importance it had as a trade depot and stopping place. The approach was beneath a grand arched portal at the mouth of the Sik (as the ravine is called), some remains of the portal being still visible. It takes half an hour to follow the windings of the narrow path along the dark ravine, which is only from ten to twenty feet wide, threading the course of the ancient fringed stream bed until one emerges into the small open valley. The variegated sandstone rocks rise precipitously on either side to the height of from 100 to 160 feet, almost shutting out the light of day. One of our views shows the entrance to the Sik. Another is taken about twenty minutes from the opening, giving a good idea of the narrowness of the dell and the precipitousness of the mountain walls, while beyond, where the gorge widens a little, are seen the sculptured columns of the magnificent so-called Khazneh of Pariaou (the Treasury of Pharaoh), although it is one of the latest of the rock-hewn monuments of Petra, being due to the Emperor Hadrian, who visited the place in A. D. 131 and erected here a temple to Isis. Another photograph shows the imposing structure, which is justly regarded as one of the wonders of the East. The rock wall from which it is hewn is here in exquisite rose pink. The imposing facade shows two rows each of six majestic columns, one row above the other, with niches in which are rock-hewn equestrian and other statues, the whole terminating above in a miniature temple crowned by a huge urn, the entire height being about 55 feet. Within is a bare lofty room and some chambers. A short distance beyond one emerges into the mountain-guarded valley in which the city lay, mounds of debris marking the sites of the former homes of the Fertans, the population in the city's palmy days being estimated at from forty to eighty thousand souls. The rock-hewn structures chiseled in the precipitous cliffs on every side were public buildings and temples rather than dwellings. Just on the left, as the valley is entered, is the vast rock-cut theatre, in semi-circular shape, capable of holding 3,000 spectators. Here the workmanship is Greek. There are thirty-three tiers of seats, and the city are some of the oldest tombs, including detached pylons. Many of the oldest tombs were cut into the rock when the city was hewn out of the mountain side.

Standing in this small open valley one sees the facade of the temple of many styles and dimensions, with many niches for votive offerings. They are at all elevations, some on the mountain side, and others high up in the cliffs, with stairways cut in the rock to reach them. Some of them stand out conspicuously, others are hidden in the mountain recesses. How diverse are these altars, these pylons and obelisks of Edom and Egypt, these columns of the Pharaohs, Greece and Rome! What diverse peoples these tombs have looked down upon

when living and given sepulture to when dead. And how many different religions have been represented by ministering priests in these shrines!

On the opposite side of the valley to the west stand the remains of a masonry edifice called by the natives Kasr Farion (the Castle of Pharaoh). It was a Roman bathous temple.

Behind the Kasr Farion, a rock-cut staircase leads up the rugged hill of the Akeropolis to the Place of Sacrifice, with its altar, pool, and court, all hewn out of the living rock. This was a typical holy place, or "high place," of the primitive peoples of the land. These "high places" were the subjects of many warnings to the children of Israel. There are other high places in the vicinity of Petra.

Still another interesting rise is of the so-called Ed-Deir (the convent), reached by an hour's hard climbing along the ravines and up rock-hewn staircases, to the northwest of Kasr,

past its arched portal to the Red Sea, were diverted to the Persian Gulf. After its rapid decline, and it is not heard of again until about A.D. 530. Even its very existence and site were forgotten, until it was visited and identified by Setzen in 1807, and explored and described by Burckhardt in 1812, the latter gaining access to it, as he also did to Mecca, in the disguise of a Moslem pilgrim.

PROFITABLE PRODIGES AND OTHERS

ALTHOUGH there seems to be no "digging" for the purposes of the stage, as a matter of fact a manifestation of genius in childhood is the exception. It is, perhaps, just as well that such is the case. Ballet mentions one hundred and sixty-three children endowed with extraordinary talents, among whom few arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of Quintilian, so vaunted by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Hermogenes—who, at the age of fifteen, taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece—died at twenty.

Pica di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannes Secundus at twenty-five, having, at the age of fifteen, composed ad-

thousand dollars a year.

The most successful child-actor was undoubtedly the late W. H. Betty, nicknamed the Child Emancipator. He went on the stage at the tender age of eight, and at eleven was starring at Covent Garden Theatre and throughout Britain. So great was his popularity that for more than a year he made three hundred dollars a night, and at sixteen he retired with a sum of two hundred thousand dollars to be educated. Five years later he reappeared, but his popularity had waned, so he was wisely vanished into private life again and lived on his early acquired fortune.

Italy is justly proud of her boy sculptor, Victor Righetti, who was making the enormous sum of twenty thousand dollars, per annum when only ten years old. Long before that Righetti was modeling figures that sold for two hundred and fifty dollars each, and when not yet out of his teens he was making a larger income than any other Italian sculptor, while some of his most recent work has been mentioned in the same breath with that of Michelangelo.

Willie Hoppe emerged from a country village as the cleverest billiard-player for his age that ever lived, and when yet under twelve his income averaged three hundred and fifty dollars a week. He toured through Europe and defeated such masters of the game as Bert Loe, Burroughes, and Vesceno.

So we see that the gifted young son

I crossed the river just here, and went along up the edge of the water, swinging my rifle in my hand, whistling for company's sake, for my man's pleasure in the woods. The night was coolish, very clear, and the moon was a pleasant moon. Just as I reached the river, I closed on the side of the pond, I heard a growl that startled me and I stopped. I saw a wolf standing with his jaws buried in the carcass of a deer, while his head was in the thick of the flesh. But he was not eating, for he had seen me, and seemed to be discussing the comparative merits of his meal before him, and the possible meal which I presented for him.

"He was not any of your dog-woles, but a grizzly rascal, as large as Leo Jander, with larger, stouter, and more content with his feed; for they are cowardly animals, except when there are doves of them, or unless you disturb their eating."

"I took short aim at him and shot. He jumped the instant I pulled the trigger, and I missed his head and broke his fore-paw. Then he yelled and came rushing, with larger, stouter, and more content with his feed; for they are cowardly animals, except when there are doves of them, or unless you disturb their eating."

"I took short aim at him and shot. He jumped the instant I pulled the trigger, and I missed his head and broke his fore-paw. Then he yelled and came rushing, with larger, stouter, and more content with his feed; for they are cowardly animals, except when there are doves of them, or unless you disturb their eating."

"The other two didn't understand it at all, and backed off to watch the fight as pretty moonlight tussles. I was at length the wolf got me down, and he and I both thought I was done for. He planted his two paws on my breast, and the claws left marks that are there yet while I write, my shoulders under his villainous jaws."

Black passed to show us the scars on his breast and arms, and he showed a large scar where the flesh was torn from the bone on his shoulder. He continued:

"It was a little faint when his teeth went in. It was unpleasant, and I had time to think of a dozen other ways of escape, but I was too cowardly to prefer, had a chosen been possible. The wolf apparently didn't like the hold and snatched my teeth, and then he tore out my coat, shirt, and flesh, and seized on my fur cap. It was a lucky mistake for me, for if he had the cap and made another attempt to get my mouth, his teeth were in no fix to swallow it if he got it, for my knife-blade was working desperately across his jugular vein. I shall never forget the feeling between the vertebrae for his spinal marrow. He was a dead wolf, and gave no further sign of life."

"I had bled considerable when I rose, but I wasn't weakened a particle. The whole had passed in less than half a minute, and I was ready for the other two, which now came at me both together."

"I seized my rifle and met one with the barrel across the nose, and scored him. He he picked him up, and I seized him by the hind foot. If the first wolf was scared when I fell on him, this one was more so. I shall never forget the howl which escaped him as I swung him into the air and struck the other a blow with the body of his comrade. The other one, the first I had wounded, frightened at the novel sight, vanished in the woods, and I was left with this one in my hands. He seemed to let out his voice with tremendous force as he went round my head twice. The centrifugal force, as they used to call it at school, forced out his wind, but as I let him fly his scream was fairly demonic."

"He went a rod from the bank, and the howl stopped only when he reached the water. I was faint and weak now, and my visit to George was, of course, out of the question; so I seized my rifle, and followed the water, I at length saw him coming. He struck in for the shore, but, seeing me, did not dare to land. I teased him for so two miles, and each time he approached the shore I showed him myself."

"I saw he was getting tired, but I wouldn't want to shoot him yet, and I followed him till he went over some rapid, and into a deep hole by which we used to hunt. I first came to my claim, up in the North," he began, "there was no clearing within thirty miles, and the only neighbor I had was George Baker, who died last year up by the cedar hill, ten miles or so away. It was a little handsome, and yet I liked it for a year, and I saw George three times during that twelve-month. But the next six months I never saw a man, and I used to sit and look at myself in the still water till he went over some rapid, and into a deep hole by which we used to hunt. I first came to my claim, up in the North," he began, "there was no clearing within thirty miles, and the only neighbor I had was George Baker, who died last year up by the cedar hill, ten miles or so away. It was a little handsome, and yet I liked it for a year, and I saw George three times during that twelve-month. 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Transient Advertisements

Wanted

At the office of publication of this periodical the following—advertisements subscriptions, job work and news items.

You will do well to see D. K. Pike before you sell hogs to anyone else. Lives sec. 4, 1p. 20c. 2 west of 5th or Crossfield, P.O. 141049.

For Sale

A quantity of
Good Seed Oats
Red Eye Spring Wheat
Good Potatoes and
Milk Cows.
J. McCool,
15-6-tx 2 mile east of Crossfield.

Spring Wheat, Red Eye,
D. J. Miller,
Crossfield or Ena.

Barley and Seed Spring Wheat.
A. C. Saunders,
15-6-tx 12 miles east of Crossfield.

Percheron Mares and Stallion, 1400 to 1700, one registered in foal, all broke, well bred. 8 miles east of Crossfield.
11-9-tx John Patterson

Choice Brown Leghorn eggs for hatching, \$1.25 per 15. J. A. Sackett. 12-41

About four thousand feet of No. 1 and 2 common lumber 8-10 and 12 inches in width, 10 feet long. This lumber was in the Skating Rink and is in good condition. per thousand.

Also 100 bushels Spring Wheat, Red Eye, for seed. N. W. 1/4 sec. 38-28 29 or A. Sackett, Crossfield.

100 bushels good Potatoes on Mottor's Ranch, 8 miles east of Crossfield. \$1.00 per bushel.
W. C. Sparo.

Brands

Why let your letters go astray when printed stationary costs but little more than unprinted. Brand your envelopes. One hundred envelopes printed at this office with space left for number of days and name of sender for fifty cents. This offer for farmers only.

James Robertson, Crossfield. Cattle branded & on left ribs. Aug. 14

All cattle branded on right ribs. 15-6-tx
and also any marked on left ribs. 2-24
belong to Jas. Fowler, Crossfield, Alta.
5-20-tx

Strayed

Strayed a chance to make money from my hands last week. I did not use the Chronicle columns. Finder please return to Merchant Street, Voluntary Corner.

Lost

An opportunity to make money if you do not advertise in our columns.

Found

A paying advertising medium in The Crossfield Chronicle. Through its columns you can sell your stock, find stray cattle and you have no worry.

Council Meetings

The council of the Village of Crossfield will meet in the hall known as the Bishop Hall on the first Tuesday of each alternate month, commencing with February at 7 p.m.

By Order of the Village Council
5-52-4 P. I. McNally, Chairman.

LOCAL MARKETS.

Potatoes, per bushel...\$1.00
Wheat, No. 1, red, bus. 83c.
Wheat, No. 2, per... 81c.
Wheat, No. 3, 11... 79c.
Wheat, No. 4, 11... 78c.
Wheat, No. 5, 11... 72c.
Flax, 11... 150c.
Oats, 11... 23c.
Barley, 11... 30c.
Eggs, 11... 15c.
Butter, 11... 30c.
Hogs, live weight 80.00
Hogs, dressed \$12.00
Cattle, live weight 1b. 25¢ to 5c.
Cows, live weight 11 2 to 4

AROUND THE TOWN

Mr. F. R. Parker was in Calgary this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Devar were in Calgary recently.

Dr. and Mrs. Bishop were in Calgary this week.

Mrs. B. Burkholder was quite ill during the past week.

Mr. O. Levagood visited Calgary the fore part of this week.

Messrs. Robt. Hayes and H. Mann drove over to Acme Thursday.

The interior of the depot and the outside of the section house are being painted.

Mr. Cameron, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, was in Calgary this week.

Mr. F. R. Parker leaves on Monday for a trip to the coast. He will visit Victoria and Vancouver.

Mr. Wm. Urquhart has a fine awning up in front of his store. It is without doubt the largest one in town.

Watch for the Jas. Pax Concert Co., which will be held under the auspices of the Oldfellows' on Saturday May 7th.

Mrs. Jas. Sutherland has, we regret to report, been ill during the past week but is at the time of writing much better.

Mr. F. R. Parker has sold his liver barn to Messrs. McPhie & Wicks. The price was \$7000 and the deal a cash one.

—Money to loan on improved farms, no commission, no delay, you get the money in a few days. See Hulgren & Davis.

Mr. McKay, recently in the employ of Messrs. Ontkes & Armstrong left for Stettler, where a position awaits him, on Tuesday.

Mr. J. Martin has moved from his old office next door to the bakery to the office formerly occupied by Mr. D. A. MacCrimmon.

Mr. Thomas Smith arrived in town from Tulsa, Oklahoma, on Wednesday. He is staying at present with Mr. F. M. Smith and expects to locate here.

The first issue of the Holden Herald, the paper established by Mr. James McWhorter formerly editor of this paper, came to hand this week. The paper has good advertising patronage.

Mr. Jno. Lennon was in Calgary on Wednesday and had a stone erected over the grave of his wife, Mrs. Mary Lennon, who died recently and was interred in the Roman Catholic Cemetery at Calgary.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church met at the home of Mrs. Jno. S. Davis on Wednesday April 13th, and an enjoyable time ensued. The next meeting will be held on May 4th at the home of Mrs. J. Frex.

—The Pioneer Real Estate Firm, Hulgren & Davis, has the listing of the best land around Crossfield, close in, and on crop payments, at reasonable prices. Some good bargains for cash. Don't forget the name—Hulgren & Davis.

Recruits are wanted for the Fifteenth Light Horse who will go into camp for twelve days on June 14th. Men owning their own horse preferred although some animals will be supplied. For further particulars address Lieut. I. L. Boyle, Crossfield, Alta.

While driving home on Monday night Mr. Knight's team ran away and threw him out of the rig. He was shaken considerably and cut his eye. The team were injured and smashed the buggy and, we understand, that one of the horses will not recover.

Messrs. Ontkes & Armstrong recently purchased a half section of land about 3 1/2 miles from Calgary and sold it for \$22,000. The same gentleman has also disposed of their ranches, comprising 320 acres, situated about two miles south of town for \$25 per acre.

Certain people try to maintain that advertising does not pay. Our brother editor Mr. Harris while taking his plant down to Acme lost some roller bearings from the press and all are returned. A little advertisement in The Chronicle was the medium and means of their recovery.

We are awakening. Light has entered into our darkness. The interest in a Board of Trade is awakening. On Tuesday Mr. Geo. Becker took round a paper and gathered in many names with a view to organizing a new board. At the time of writing there are 30 members enrolled and prospects for a live organization are good.

Mr. R. Reid purchased a fine percheron stallion while in Calgary on Tuesday. The animal's name is Henry, he was bred by J. A. Timms, Chateau, Ill., U. S. A. and his owner was E. J. Wigle, Kingsville, Ont. His pedigree is as follows:—

Sire Pantin (imp) (539) 24697 (43147)
Dam Rosetta (1011) 61448
Sire Charmoor (imp) (1079) 31170 (44247)
Dam Irene (1012) 28928
Sire Trapese (imp) (1080) 28925 (10360)
Dam Lancetta (imp) (1013) 28926 (20115)
Sire Jupiter (6769)
Dam Rosetta (16615)
Sire Utopia (731)
Dam Rose belonging to M. Marchbank.

A land boom hit town this week and a number of local residents have invested in some soil located in Marion Co., Florida. It is, we understand, fruit and vegetable land from which the early northern markets can be supplied. Among the purchase are the following: F. R. Parker, H. Atkins, Dr. Large, of Canstans, Mrs. M. McKay, Miss K. McKay, Mrs. E. Bolson, Mr. Chas. Hulgren, E. R. Levagood, Lohley and Bent, Canadian Bank of Commerce, J. M. McNally, Wm. Lant, D. Mathieson, Robt. Berry, foreman G.P.R. paint gang, W. B. Edgar, J. A. MacDougall, Mrs. O. Levagood, H. A. Schumann, T. E. Bills and Chas. Winfield. Several others are contemplating investing so that the list will no doubt be increased by the time we go to press.

I don't know how newspapers came into the world. I don't think God does. For I haven't anything to say about them and editors in the Bible. I think the editor is one of them missing links you read of. He stayed in the bushes until after the flood, and then came out and wrote the thing up and has been there ever since. I don't think he ever dies. I never saw a dead one and never heard of one getting licked. If an editor makes a mistake people say he ought to be hung but if a doctor makes a mistake he buries them and folk damn's say nothing, because doctors can read and write Latin. Where the editor makes a mistake there is a law suit and swearing and a big fuss but if the doctor makes one, there is a funeral, out flowers and perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a mile long without him or anybody being any the wiser but if the editor uses one he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit but if the editor goes he gets a charge of bunkshot. When the doctor gets drunk it is a case of being overcome by the heat, and if he dies it's from heart trouble. When an editor gets drunk it is a plain case of too much booze, and when he dies it is from a cause to disgraceful too speak of. Any old college can make a doctor, an editor has to be born.—Ex.

Crossfield School District No. 752

The REGULAR MEETINGS of the above school Board will be held at the School House at 10 a. m. on the first Saturday in the following month: January, March, May, July, September and November.

All matters of business pertaining to this district will be attended to at this meeting.

The office of the Sec.-Treas. is in the store of D. G. Harris.

J. A. MacDougall, Chairman.
G. W. Boyce, Sec.-Treas.

NOTICE

Some malicious person has spread a rumor of Glanders being in our stables. We take this opportunity to assure the public that such a report is entirely false.

First Class Kne Hill Coal always on hand. No Dirt. No Slack. Don't be deceived ask for the bill when buying this coal.

17-3-tx STOPP MINE, Carbon.

L.I.D. 14-W-4

Ratepayers in the above Local Improvement District are advised to call on the Council for their Township for a rebate at once.

The council ask for tenders for Road Grading and the following Councilmen will show the work and receive tenders: T. 27 R. 27 W. 4th Y. Chase Irricana.

11 27 28 W. Secret Aldrie.
11 27 29 N. E. Wigle
11 28 29 Crossfield.

11 28 28 R. I. McLean
11 28 27 J. A. Copley

Gopher Exterminators

Steel Trap 20c each \$2.25 doz.
Single Shot Rifle 22 cal \$5.00 to \$8.00

Repeating Rifles, 22 cal \$15.00 to \$18.00

WINCHESTER AMMUNITION

The kind you can depend upon
22 short cartridge, black powder 20c per box
22 long cartridges, black powder 25c per box
22 short cartridges, smokeless powder 30c per box
22 long cartridges, smokeless powder 35c per box

HAVE YOU TRIED SNAP

You had better use some Stove Pipe varnish on your pipes before putting them away for the summer. It prevents rust and makes them last longer.

ONTKES & ARMSTRONG

PARKER & TIMMINS

Agents for

Massey-Harris

Farm Implements

See our NEW No. 11 DRILL, just out—its a marvel

Agents for Gray Carriage Co.

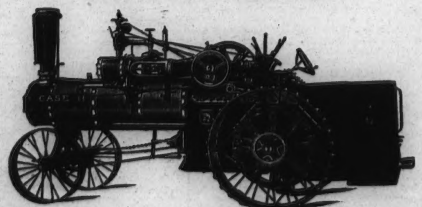
Chatham Fanning Mills

M. Rumely, Co. Engine.

CROSSFIELD, ALTA.

Crossfield
Livery Feed & Sale
Stable

H. Ontkes, Prop. Satisfaction Guaranteed

ARE YOU GOING TO PLOW
AND WANT RESULTS?

SEE

our line of J. I. Case Plowing Engines, Plows and Engine Gangs, guaranteed to give satisfaction.

How about Twine? Give your order now for Lowest prices to

Patridge & Gordon

Agents for all kinds of Farm Implements

What Happens When the City Police Take Action

*How Men Arrested Fare at the Hands of Winnipeg's Finest--
Some Incidents in the Course of Police Work*

(From the Winnipeg Saturday Post)
WHEN a man is arrested in Winnipeg, what follows?

Let us say that John Jones is arrested. His name need not be John Jones, and, as a matter of fact it very seldom is. John Jones or John Smith, common as these names are supposed to be. Even if the prisoner gives one of these as his name, it is highly probably that it is an alias and that his real name is something quite different. Since there is so little in a name, let the man who is arrested by a Winnipeg police officer be John Jones—the name will serve.

By being arrested, John Jones has not retained something, but he has lost something that he has. He has lost the freedom of movement that he has put the wheels in motion by becoming arrested. Analyzed, Mr. Jones would find that he has placed himself in a position where the police is so considerable a thing that it might well have given him pause, but if he had studied the matter out before he had been arrested, he would have been in a position, before making voluntary entrance into the maze of legal complications that may surround him before he has been arrested, to have been able to avoid them. For John Jones has in some way offended the public peace and dignity of the city, and he has set in motion all the machinery of the law to bring him to justice. He has made and set up to provide for just such cases as his—and many others.

Machine of Many Parts

Usually, it is a police constable who makes such arrests. In this case, the constable is one of a force made up of four and a half platoons. The platoons are headed by a Chief-Melias; two Inspectors—Newington and Robertson; two Sergeants—McPherson and McQuinn; and four Patrol Sergeants—McGreene, McKee, Bruton and Street; two station inspectors—Bills and Smith; and two constables—Baker and Brown. Among English-speaking people—Stoddell, Stark, Green, Spaulding and Batho; three detectives who speak foreign languages—Baker, Brown and Smith—there are 19 constables. The force was founded in 1954 and grew to its present size by the demands of the fast-growing population. The constables are trained to be highly well-disciplined body men and moves with the precision of drilled men; does its work by rule, routine and habit—At the same time, it is free to do it. And when John Jones is arrested, he is dealt with according to the rules, he follows the routine, he is treated as a constable. The rule which applies to his case is that

Perhaps John Jones is arrested for being drunk; indeed, it is very likely that this is the cause. There is a big floating population in Winnipeg, and it seems to me that for this floating population it would be rather strongly to ward the hotel bars. Maybe it is only natural that anything that floats should drift toward a bar; however that may be, it is true that a floating population is a source of drift—a good many floaters—and the sum of drunkennes is considerable if not alarming, although it deserves to be said that very little actual serious harm is done by the floating population. Winnipeg has a little reputation to the number, which is fortunate because the number is large—3,121 last year.

How J. Jones, Drunk, Is Treated

Let us say that John Jones is drunk so drunk that it is deemed desirable to arrest him—an important point, because unless Jones is very drunk or, being less drunk, is yet objectionably so, he cannot, or taken, home by a policeman. On the outside of the door, the station this time, the police policeman are very considerate of Jones' bibulous, if Jones has not become boisterous or balky, as well as if Jones drunk is disposed to be quiet. To wind—or wind—his way home, he is not molested; any, he is helped to the end which is least harmful to Jones, and more in keeping with a policeman's idea of what is common for his task. In his plain building material—any sticking of all over it.

But while the system deals gently with Jones drunk if he carries his load with any degree of decency, if Jones has a pronounced leaning toward rough house tactics, if his soul longs for trouble and will not be denied, it is no best bet that Jones will get all that he really needs to satisfy his yearnings for the life turbulent.

Unlike the London bobby of days of yore, the Winnipeg policeman is not given a club with strict injunctions to die rather than use it. Neither does he have a cordworn stick strung to his wrist and an implied order to hit prisoners first and request him to come afterward, as is the case in some of the cities to the south. Except at night the Winnipeg police officer does not carry a stick, but is generally well able to handle his prisoner without cracking his skull with a baton. Jones drunk is just a man to be arrested and when that is to be done, it is done—some way, somehow.

A Crying Need of the Force

But the arrest is quite likely to be a bothersome affair. Perhaps Jones has that sort of a jag that makes him restless, inert—a man movable by exertion of some physical force not his own. Sometimes, Jones drunk is a big man and it takes a lot of rustling to get him to the station, especially since he may be a long way from it when the arrest is made. In that case Jones is bundled into a cab or a rig of any sort, is handcuffed, and carted to the station. He is usually freight and dead freight—that is, he is unconscious and does not talk. Other cities have patrol wagons—“hurry-ups”—and a patrol system of call boxes. Winnipeg is very much out of date in this respect and has yet

[illegible]

John Jones, drunk, having been arrested and taken to the station by the best means available, is put on the elevator and taken upstairs. Here his pockets and everything is taken from him. The articles are placed in a bag. The bag is tied securely and tagged for identification, and when John Jones says goodbye to the police station, his goods and chattels are returned to him. Just as they were taken from him except that if John had been dangerous to himself or others, when the police searched that will be missing and he will have to abort the excess sum that he took to pay a fine and costs—otherwise the personal effects of John Jones, if they were found by the police in searching him, have been scrupulously returned to him as religiously delivered to him when his sojourn at the station is over.

May Be Released On Bail

After being duly searched and reduced to a condition of harmlessness, himself and others, John Jones drunk put in a cell. If he is very drunk it is not unusual for him to be chained to sober up by sleep. He is visited often by the officer on guard and anything seems to indicate need medical attendance, Dr. Douglas, of the police station, is called to the case. As soon as the man is in suitable condition of body and mind to be allowed to leave the station, if he wishes to, he is released on bail, this may be done by giving the officer a cash deposit to the police. Depositing this cash he does not relieve John Jones from responsibility of appearing in the police court to answer the charge of being drunk. If he fails to appear, the officer may suit John Jones seeking to decline to appear as John Jones drunk, and may consider ten dollars a small price for the obscurity that doth hedge about

But let us suppose that he does appear. If he has been released on bail he may come from outside the country.

being in the detention room when his name is called by the court room officer. John Jones, drunk—now sober and of ten sorry—answers to the call and steps into the courtroom deck—located close by the Old Court House.

Good-looking man—Thomas Mayne Day, police magistrate. He is other things besides a police magistrate, this stout, good-looking man, but he is the police magistrate. He is a man of business. Temperamentally, and by descent, Mr. Day is Irish, and the fact adds color and life to his police court work. Humor and pathos, smiles and tears, are his. He is a man of a fine police court dologs, and neither has any chance of escaping the quick mind and ready sympathy of this trained-to-be



Chief John C. McRae—Nearly Quarter
of a Century Chief on Winnipeg
Police Force

minute police magistrate. His Irish witticisms are touched by a hint of humor, his Celtic heart is touched by the thousands of people in which misery and sadness are presented in the police court. A hint of Irish brogue in a prisoner's speech sets the mirth ball rolling, and courtroom spectators get many a hearty laugh from such exchanges as follow: Neglected children and ill-treated women have a staunch champion in Magistrate Daly, and when his tongue is turned rough side up, the person at the receiving end—drunken brute or lazy loafer, as the case may be—gets a scolding.

But no man, woman or child brought before Mr. Daly for a first offence, has ever been fixed for a life of wrongdoing by the harshness of the judgment dealt out. The police court magistrate at Winnipeg is notably tender toward first offences and it cannot fail to be true that hundreds of young men and young women must have been turned from evil ways by the kind treatment and fatherly advice given them by Mr. Daly.

And if John Jones is up for his first offence under the law, he may escape with a very light punishment or even none at all. Indeed, the probabilities are that he will be released on probation with a kindly reminder that he should be a better citizen. If he may reform and stay away from the police court for all time, or he may keep on in evil ways and find himself severely taken to account for it. The records do not show in an easily determinable way how many take warning but there can be no doubt of the wisdom of the law which punishes those who have offended for the first time. Good sense dictates it and custom approves.

Heckler that it is possible to do without rather limited means in that direction. There is little work beyond that of cleaning up the messes made by the religiously done by the several John Jansons, under the care and direction of the chief of the department, who arrives at six o'clock. He gets an hour of work at the daily house-cleaning, and then, after a short rest, he has a sumptuous repast, this breakfast, and the bread and tea that make up the rest of his day. He then goes to his office, and his thoughts, at least, when he considers how much more he might have to do, are not far from the same. After breakfast, the cleaning-up work is tackled again and the lower floor offices are cleaned up. The chief of the department, the Chief of Police, the Police Magistrate, clerks of the court, police inspectors, and the various other departments below stairs. The cell rooms are cleaned up, too, and the rest of the day is spent in a constant clean and sanitary—no music when it is considered that many of the men are so clean and clean from their vocabularies, and are not, if left to themselves, a danger to the public. The chief of the department, however, is not a person of such a

Bedding Burned Each Month

In the endeavor to do as much as possible for the prisoners, the warden has arranged that the prisoners sleep on straw bunks, one each month and new ones given out. These mattresses are all the bedclothes. The warden, in general, the task of keeping bedclothes clean being too severe a burden to be carried by the department. The warden has said that Jones has forfeited his right to call it lunch—there is bread, meat and tea. Tea is served in the form of a cake. There may be potatoes, along with it. Jones is playing in luck. At most, his Jones appetite is not pampered with anything but bread, meat and tea, and it is wholesome and clean. The department has a contract for bread which is delivered at the station every day. Meat and tea are bought as needed. John Jones is kept as busy as a bee throughout the day but does not have any time to loaf. He is in much do. Put tersely, there is no time to loaf, and he does it. His ev-

It may chance that John Jones is awaiting trial on some more serious charge than being drunk. If this is the case he may have meals sent in to him, care being taken that they are served between the hours of seven and eight in the morning, twelve and one, noon, a

six and seven in the evening. The thing possible in the station. With some, a probable drunk, with some certain. John Jones, a peculiar animal; he may be very much awake, as noisy as a cat, and as active as a spider on a plate—it all depends on how he carries himself. He is a very good judge in alcohol has on his mind. When he runs riot in his blood and turns his into a raging, boisterous beast, John Jones is a very good fellow. He is not there about him, or for his own welfare. He just loses and raises every brain of hell known to the trade, regardless of the fate of the man. He is not mentioned or punishment. There may not be one such prisoners among them who are in the station, but when there is, it is a very good thing. It is bad for everybody else who is there to stir things up generally and by the way, it is a very good thing to place in a turmoil until the mood passes—or if he is extremely bad—until he is removed to quarters safer and more comfortable than the lunatic asylum. Drink.

charged with being drunk. She was pretty, neat and as smart looking as any young woman as you could wish to see. She was witty, too, and after she had been here a few times and got acquainted with the other girls, she was very popular. She has gone from bad to worse and now she is a wreck. She had a good husband; he has been driven to give up after trying his best to have her live a decent life. He is a kind, gentle man from her—how she ought to keep that at first!—and she is as low as she can get. But her heart is good, poor soul. She has to be careful with her, because when she is sober, her words are better to work or more capital. There's only one end for her, though, and she's going to it fast."

[illegible]

Graver Crimes; Heavier Punishment

And John Jones, lawbreaker, is always the comparatively harmless person who is the one who doesn't get caught. He is the one who doesn't throw it all his costs. Many times, it is that; fewer times he is worse; has stolen, forged, broken into a home, and so on. He is the one who has abused his fellow man or has taken a bit of rage on a wife or sweetheart who has offended him. He may be a good person, but he has been engaged in some counterfeiting, and most rare in Winnipeg, however, may have stolen mail packages—entrusted to his care as a government employee—and he may have stolen a car, or another, or he may have lifted a diamond ring from a jeweller's store when he thought the owner was

to new cities that have grown up in a country rich in natural resources out of which money is taken in such a way that the money is so attractive to all manner of men who are not interested in the country by their wits rather than by their consciences, such as these recent immigrants from the United States, that they can make money so easily that they can money-getting but carelessness in money matters; they are so busy that they are not usually too busy to be minutely careful each transaction. A little more care would have saved them from never getting too busy to be so sure when they are so sure that they are never too busy to delegate the job to punish to proper authorities. Or they are so busy that they are not so much as to the wall and leave a path for a fall faith in the crook's cleverness and the crook's cunning and by superficial smoothness. And to the crook's cunning and the crook's cunning and substantial prey. And so it happens that forgers and thieves from all over the world come to the United States, the police men who are in bad luck in their own countries, and the police authorities of Germany, France, Canada along with the thousands of honest and industrious immigrants who are so sure that they are the majority of the country in truth and in fact, and so they are the chief of success through crime.

Find Police Prepared

[illegible]

Arrived men at this class—all of them were white. They were all subjected to police methods at the rigid and modern. Supposing Jones to be in this more serious charged with the crime he is in fact a superior officer of the force, most likely an Inspector. Someone has charged him with theft, let us suppose. To be charged, does not, in the mind of a man like John Jones, imply surely guilty. Long experience taught these men who are in charge administering the law that all is not as it seems. They are not without a reverence of accusation. If John Jones has been arrested merely upon suspicion and his answers to the inspection of the police are not satisfactory, he may say, maybe with a warning to the appearance of evil.

room to answer his call. If he has to wait long enough at the station overnight, he can be let down from the cell room by a back way that keeps the prisoners apart from the public and puts a crimp in any idea the prisoners may conceive of making an escape between the cell room and the court. John Jones, plain drunk, is not likely to try to escape, but the inmates as a whole are innocent. As for Jones and the system provides for all kinds of offenders. In this connection, it is to be noted that the police station cell rooms are at the top of the building and not in the basement, as is located generally assigned to cells in other cities.

The upstairs plan has the advantages of better sanitation, more light, better heating facilities, and—as noted—greater difficulties in the way of those who are ambitious to shine in the escape

John Jones Arraigned

Having descended the back stairs accompanied by an officer—John Jones brings up in a big room which opens the room in which police court is held every week day—holidays excepted—ten o'clock. In this detention room, prisoners mingle freely or are kept apart, by being brought down separately, just as seems best suited to cases and conditions.

Having come down stairs,

It is not to be supposed, of course, that John Jones is always a drunk on the street case; it very seldom happens that the first offenses that are tendered and wisely dealt with are of this nature. It is not usual for youth of either sex first to offend by being drunk in public. Therefore John Jones, being drunk, is very likely to be fined, and if he is fined, the sum of three dollars and costs—four dollars and a half, all told—has been fixed upon as the proper amount to offset the dereliction of being intoxicated in public—or, to be exact, in the public highway.

Seven Days an Equivalent

If John Jones has the money he pays up and departs. If he has no money he gives down cash bail, the fine and costs are deducted, and the balance returned to John giving a receipt to provide for the lapse of memory which might cause him to come back some day and ask for his money.

Perhaps Jones has no money; he must have blown it all in for booze—speaking classically. If this is so, he must serve seven days in lieu of the fine at costs and this time is spent in the station where confinement sentences run along up to twenty-one days are served. Suppose John Jones must serve six or seven days, how does he pass the time? Not very busily, as a rule, although everything is done to keep him out

Meanwhile, the other prisoners had to stand the noise and disturbance best they can and if John Jones, engineer, murders sleep, those who are up with him are afforded an object lesson in the evil consequences of liquor habit and are warned, by concrete example, of the fate that is in store for those who are caught along the devious ways of drunkenness. Students of police court statistics may find that all habits that bring men and women within the purlieu and act of the law, drink is the surest to stick to its victim until it drags him down to the ruin. The man and woman who hold the habit of drinking to excess for persistent appearance in a Winnipeg police court, are confirmed drunkards and nearly all of their troubles are cast up by the tide of intemperance that they have permitted

The Ruin Bum Has Wrought

Police Magistrate Daly has come to hate whiskey as the source of nearly all the trouble and distress that he has to deal with in his court. There appears before him a wreek of a woman, blue-eyed, slovenly, unkempt in dress and clothing. Disposing of her case as best he can, Mr. Daly turns to his friend—after court is over—and says: "Did you see that woman? I saw her a few years since she came here."

as a refuge from the law makes any man, forger, or thief, crosses the sea or takes train for Weymouth, he is liable to be arrested in any new field of criminal opportunity in a field rich in spoils and compassed by a net of traps. It is a fact, not a tautology that it must be an extremely painful surprise and shock to me, if I am arrested, and I am not administered by contact with the police the comfort of a supposedly new and original method of arrest.

Arrested men of this class—all are arrested for an indictable offence—are not, as a rule, taken to the police and modern. Some serious Jones be in this more serious than the others, and I have seen before a superior officer of the law most likely an Inspector. Some of the police, men of wit, and to be charged, done in, in the misadventure of the law, and I have seen the police, done long experience taught these men who are in charge of the police, and I have seen the gold of proof that glitters with the vehemence of accusation. If John Jones is arrested, and I have seen and his answers to the Inspector satisfactory, he is released and I have seen the appearance of

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A HYPOTHETICAL NAMELESS RIVAL.

His Supposititious Case Brought His Sweetheart to Terms.

By HENRY WALKER.
(Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

They sat at the end of the porch and discussed the situation calmly. It was altogether too torrid for heated argument. If they felt any inward tumult they vented it through their fingers rather than their tongues, she by pulling her pain-bent fan idly to pieces and he by rubbily stripping the bone-eyable vine.

"What's your objection to next fall, Jean?" I'm not quizzing you, you know; but I do feel a sort of impersonal curiosity."

"Next fall? Why, it's August now, and fall begins with September, and then it's so time before it's winter, and—I can't possibly fancy myself a settled, married person next winter."

"Under, indeed! Matrimony doesn't make people settled nowadays. You know you'll be on the go when you're



"AND WHAT WAS THIS REMARKABLE YOUNG PERSON'S NAME?"

surely. A little thing like being married won't interfere with your taste in that line."

"You think so? I believe you're quite sincere."

"Thank you."

"But I'd feel bound to respect your tastes and preferences—sometimes. And, gradually, you know, I'd fall into the way of seeking your opinion of things and people and adapting my own to it, and then before I realized it I'd lose my individuality, and then—"

"Oh, of course, when we began to think the same about things, why, naturally, you'd begin to bore me. And you know when married people begin to bore each other they're in a very bad way, with so many entertaining persons loose in the world."

He looked at her thoughtfully for a moment.

"I say, Jean," slowly, "I never thought of that phase before. There's a great deal in that. It is a terrible thing to be bored, even when the lover isn't bound hand and foot. I suppose one ought to weigh these considerations carefully and take up chances. Talk about being bored! I am reminded. Suppose you were a young fellow of some twenty-six years, with the average allotment of good looks and talents and a broken collar bone. Suppose you were sent up to recuperate in a Vermont farmhouse without a relative or friend within eighty miles—you must suppose glorious weather outside that farmhouse as you go. Well, suppose that a young lady of unusual beauty and charm and intelligence—golf intelligence and wit intelligence and canoe intelligence—should suddenly drop from the sky, or, rather, from Burlington, what would you do, even if you were engaged? Come, now, be honest! Would you not fall in love with her?"

Jean's fan lay quietly in her lap. The little upward curve of her mouth and her smile a slightly strained look. She gave an unconcerned shrug at his question.

"Burlington? I never heard of that corner of the world. And what was this remarkable young person's name? You never mentioned her before."

"Oh, surely you don't want particulars in this weather! Your gloomy forecast set me thinking. Perhaps we are too adaptable. I suppose that's why we're liked each other so well. It's awful to think the qualities that attract people before marriage may be the very ones to estrange them afterward."

"A wish! Did Miss Burlington have indelible opinions? Persons strongly addicted to golf usually have."

"You're not going back on golf, I hope. Consider the Carver cup! But as I was saying, if an engaged man bored to a certain point is so susceptible, why not a duly wedded individual? It's only a difference of degree, you know."

"Unfortunately I can't duplicate my experience. I've never broken my collar bone, for one thing, and for another thing, the moment a girl is engaged all her masculine acquaintances feel bound to make themselves as

absurdly dull that she couldn't care for them if she wanted to."

"Do you suppose the poor fellows try to be safe?" He spoke protestingly, but his face wore the ghost of a smile.

"The result is the same. If I had it to do over again I wouldn't let people know so soon. There's no reason why a girl shouldn't enjoy herself."

"Why, Jean, I thought you were anticipating a hilariously happy winter. I've been mentally kicking myself for wanting to drag you away to dull old Italy."

The smile was quite gone from Jean's face. There was a suspicious brightness in the dark gray eyes.

"Yes," he continued, leaning lazily back in his chair, "I've been playing donkey. I'd forgotten what it means to be bored. I was even silly enough to think we'd enjoy long tramps in late October and lonesome breakfasts on rainy March mornings. Love is like—and, oh, dozens of dull, prosaic things. But, goodness, we'd die of ennui before a year was out!"

He flung down the fan and rose, angry and hurt, the tears streaming.

"Charles," she sobbed, "you're insubstantial! I came out here to—arrange things, and—and you throw that Vermont girl in my face and then tell me I'm a bore! You—she controlled her voice with an effort—"go back to Vermont! But she'll never—"

He could endure it no longer. "Forgive me, Jean! You know I've never seen another girl since you said I might look at you! But I've set my heart on this fall, and you're so stubborn."

She straightened and looked at him sternly. He tried not to smile.

"Charles," she asked severely, "did you lie?"

"To you?"

"Was there such a person?"

"I never said there was. I just supposed a case. But, I say, Jean, will you make it October?"

"No!" She had reached the doorway. "Remember!"

He heard her running lightly upstairs. Stooping, he picked up the mutilated palm fan and folded its remains tenderly into his pocket.

The Frenchwoman.

The distinguished quality of the Frenchwoman is her sense of common sense. She is not a sentimentalist, but is eminently practical. If there is so much comfort, substantiality and security among the French middle class the woman can take the larger share of the credit for it. In "France of the French" Mr. E. E. Baker says that all her domestic affairs are regulated by the strictest prudence, carefulness and foresight.

The domestic instinct is so strong in the Frenchwoman that the safety of her home is apt to become to her an object too absorbing, too exclusive, and too tied to the defects and drawbacks which attend all exaggeration. It is not the Frenchman so much as the Frenchwoman who "fills the stockings" with small savings, a little economized, a little here, and who has built up a position of some substance for many a family who commenced humbly and knew hardship.

The power of patient industry of the French workingwoman is scarcely less admirable than her self-abnegation. Her qualities stand out more saliently than those of the middle class because of her inferior opportunities and greater trials.

When one considers the wages that are earned by the working class in France and the cost of food one marvels at the degree of comfort to be found in their homes and the well looked after appearance of the children. This could never be without the solid qualities of the women.

A Possible Explanation.

There is a certain clergyman who has a happy way of enjoying his own disadvantages.

Never a handsome man, Mr. C. was severely battered in a railroad wreck, in which he suffered the loss of a foot.

Soon after marrying a beautiful woman the ill-used minister met an old friend on the street, who banteringly asked, "Oh, how in the world did such a pretty girl come to marry you?"

"Oh, ladies like remnants," was the cheerful reply.

Like a Cigar.

"A play," remarked the theatrical manager, "is like a cigar."

"What's the answer?" inquired the innocent reporter.

"If it's good," explained the manager, "everyone wants a box; and if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw."

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